

Working on a Feeling by FrazzledSquidz

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Summary:

Jonathan sighed again, feeling loose in the knees. There was no way people wouldn't know what Steve had been up to; hopefully they would just assume it was Nancy he had been making out with.

"Come here," Nancy ordered, smiling and parting her legs invitingly.

He smiled, slightly rueful. "You're both terrible." Regardless, he moved forward to let her cup his face, drawing him close.

"Yeah, but you like us anyway."

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Jonathan's head swam pleasantly, buzzing with arousal and a gentle restriction of oxygen. Both were courtesy of Steve Harrington, who was pressing him against the door of the darkroom and kissing him soundly. They had been making out for about half of lunch while Nancy was catching up with a study group, and this was by far Jonathan's favorite way to spend the hour so far.

Steve's hands, which had been bracketing Jonathan's hips, slowly came around and slyly insinuated themselves into his back pockets. Humming, Jonathan broke the kiss, licking his lips and dropping his hands to Steve's broad shoulders. "Someone's gonna catch us."

Undeterred, Steve kissed along his jaw, keeping his clever hands where they were. "We're leaning against the door, Byers. No one is getting in."

Jonathan sighed, but it came out too happy to convey any level of frustration. It wasn't just that Steve was terribly attractive and a great kisser, but also that Jonathan felt so dizzyingly *desired* with the other boy. "You're so confident."

Steve huffed a laugh against his neck. "Shouldn't I be?" he asked, pressing his hips into Jonathan's, making him twitch and gasp.

Jonathan moaned quietly and tilted his head to the side, granting Steve easier access to his neck. "Have you done this with other guys?" he wondered, surprised when Steve jerked back.

"W-what?" He frowned. "Why?"

Blinking, Jonathan bit his lip and shrugged. "You're so good at this. I was just curious."

Steve smiled slowly, showing all of his teeth. "I'm good at this?"

Jonathan rolled his eyes. "You knew that already."

He shrugged, leaning back in to lick and nuzzle Jonathan's neck. "I really don't, you know? I just act confident and people assume I

know what I'm doing. But, no." He nipped at the edge of Jonathan's collarbone, making him gasp again. "I haven't done this with any other guys."

"T-then how-" his question was cut off by a sharp moan as Steve ground their hips together roughly.

"I know what *I* like. I know how to make girls feel good. I figured it's the same principle, basically. And you're pretty good at letting me know when I'm doing things right." He bit at Jonathan's collarbone sharply, eliciting a stuttered groan. "Like that."

A sudden sharp knock made them both jump away from each other and the door, Steve wiping his mouth. But it was only Nancy who pushed into the room, laughing evilly.

Jonathan sighed and hung his head back as Steve cursed and brazenly adjusted his jeans. "Shit, Nance! You scared the hell out of me!"

Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she shut the door behind her. "Thought you guys might be getting up to something naughty."

"How was the study group?" Jonathan asked, trying to change the subject. Even though it was Nancy, he felt embarrassed with his kiss-sore lips and the hard-on pressing against the zipper of his jeans.

"It was fine." Nancy shrugged, moving over to the table at the edge of the room and setting her books down. She jumped up to sit on it, legs swinging happily over the edge. "I forgot my lunch in my locker, though."

Steve ran his hands through his hair, already moving towards the door. "Yeah yeah, I'll get your lunch." He paused in the doorway to throw a smirk over his shoulder. "Maybe start some rumors, too." With a wiggle of his hips, he disappeared.

Jonathan sighed again, feeling loose in the knees. There was no way people wouldn't know what Steve had been up to; hopefully they would just assume it was Nancy he had been making out with.

"Come here," Nancy ordered, smiling and parting her legs invitingly.

He smiled, slightly rueful. "You're both terrible." Regardless, he moved forward to let her cup his face, drawing him close.

"Yeah, but you like us anyway."

Jonathan's smile was interrupted by her lips against his, but he wasn't complaining. Nancy hooked her legs around the back of his thighs, pulling their bodies together as Jonathan placed his hands on the bony cuts of her hips.

As Nancy's tongue slipped into his mouth, Jonathan marveled at how differently his partners kissed. They were both *amazing*, but Steve kissed like like he was taking something, like he was trying to consume Jonathan. Nancy kissed like she was giving something away, like she was trying to push some integral part of herself into him in order to share it.

With a pang of regret, Jonathan remembered their fight in the woods, when he had told her that she was trying to be someone she wasn't by dating Steve Harrington. *He* had been the one trying to shove her into a box, making her something he thought he wanted her to be. But the reality of Nancy Wheeler was so much better than anything he could've imagined. She wasn't perfect; she was so much better than that.

Nancy pulled back, raising an eyebrow. "You're thinking awfully hard considering I'm attached to your face."

Jonathan blushed a little, thinking *I just love you so much*, so loud he was surprised she couldn't hear it. "Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind."

She pulled back a little further, brow furrowing. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah! Yeah. Don't worry, it's nothing."

It wasn't that he didn't want to tell her but... he just couldn't. Not yet. Not when everything was so new and bright and beautiful. What if she didn't feel the same way? What if this was nothing more than a fun distraction from all the horrible shit that had happened last year?

If it was, that was okay. It was fine. But he wouldn't mind living under the illusion of love for a little while.

Trying to dispel the worry that had creased her features, Jonathan drew Nancy back in for another kiss, moving his hands up to her sides. But, of course, just as she was starting to relax and deepened their kiss, Steve barged into the room.

"Having fun without me?" he pouted, closing the door behind him.

"Always," Nancy smirked, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Jonathan drew away from her, licking his lips absently.

"You're so mean to me," Steve sighed dramatically, holding her lunch bag out with a flourish.

"Someone has to keep you on your toes, Harrington."

I love both of them, Jonathan realized, startled. He loved everything they were together, how happy he felt around them, how the anxiety that gripped his insides finally loosened when they were together, how they inspired him to be kinder and more patient.

"Steve, sit on the table with Nancy," he ordered, grabbing his camera.

"You two just like to boss me around," Steve griped good-naturedly, joining Nancy regardless. They pressed close together, sealed from their shoulders to their knees with their hands intertwined.

Jonathan took several shots without the flash as they grinned and relaxed against each other. The pictures might not turn out through the darkness of the room, but Jonathan was hoping the red light would illuminate them just enough.

"My turn!" Nancy announced, hopping off the table and grabbing his camera.

Knowing it was pointless to argue with her, Jonathan moved to stand in front of the table, at Steve's side.

Steve threw an arm around his shoulder and pulled him close, telling

him, "Smile, Byers."

Jonathan wanted to point out that it was so dark the camera probably wouldn't pick up a smile anyway, but he was terrible at saying no to the other boy.

They switched again, Nancy drawing him into an excited hug for their shot together, her breath ghosting over his ear as she laughed.

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Later, when Jonathan had developed the pictures, they wound up being his favorites. They weren't particularly original or a great quality, but the light had painted each pair as a silhouette in the black and white images. Even though one could tell that there were two people in the shot, the darkness melted their bodies together sinuously. The dim lighting just barely illuminated the edge of a smile, the flow of Steve's hair, the gentle curve of Nancy's thigh.

Jonathan found them to be strange and lovely, much like both of his partners.

Author's Note:

*Working on a feeling,
Breaking down the ceiling,
Digging up a deep end,
Freezing on the beaches,
Reaching for the sweetest, sweetest peaches.*
-Peaches by In the Valley Below